

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, 'Go to the woods and hills.'—Longfellow.

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MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

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T. S. McNEEL.

STREAMS I HAVE FISHED. THE WEST FORK OF GREEN- BRIER.

A New Country Opened Up.

The busiest portion of this county at present is the West Fork of the Greenbrier river along the line of the C. & I. Ry. Less than a year ago the first regular trains began to run and now there is a succession of operations stretching from the Forks at Durbin to the county line, where the grass land begins as you go north. I have often wondered how such mountain country would look if opened up and developed. There are dozens of such streams in this county winding through dense spruce and hemlock forests, and I have fished and fought the ferocious "g-nat" on most of them. They all have the same general appearance. The same towering spruces and hemlocks. The same flowers and the same sort of river grass. The sun glints through the trees at some places. The country is damp and cool and the streams have afforded ideal trout fishing. It is natural to wonder how such a region will look when the march of civilization strikes. The present condition of the West Fork will show you that it will look like it had been run through a mill.

A dozen or more operations in sixteen miles are eating into the timber. The people live in houses made of rough hemlock boards as a rule and everybody is busy. Now is the bark season. It will last until about the middle of August. The juices of the hemlock are now properly distributed and hundreds of men are throwing down the great columns and stripping the bark from them, leaving the logs to be sawed next winter. It is unusual thing for these big hemlocks to scale 3000 feet board measure and it is said that there are trees there which will saw as much as five thousand feet.

Last week I had occasion to go to a camp near Kelley's. In the old days Kelley was the only man living in this wilderness and his house was the place to go to get trout or a deer. It was so inaccessible however that few went there during the year. Now the train puts you down at the trail leading to his house and men come out of the wilderness clad in broadcloth and fine linen and wave the train down and get on in quite a lordly manner to go to the metropolis of Elkkins to attend to some business.

I took a fishing rod with me. I take the same delight in the heft of a fishing rod that the average country preacher does in the feel of an umbrella.

Arrived at the camp I found that a corner had been cut in the forest a good deal like the place in a hay field where the farmer has cut hay enough to feed a horse. A big hemlock was being stripped of his ten dollar suit of bark and a gang of Italians was at work grading a switch.

While I talked with the proprietor the north bound freight rattled up and stopped to discharge some freight. The word was passed along that there was a watermelon car attached and the Italians rushed to it like piggers to pay a car, and a member of the Greenbrier county bar disbursed a large number of watermelons at the small sum of fifty cents each. These sons of a summer climate had an argy that night and I went to sleep to the sounds like unto the Italian opera which the proprietor aptly described as howls.

There was but one house finished at this lumber operation and there I was entertained in a most hospitable manner. The man of the house is a woodsman of wide experience. He has tried city life too, having been employed on the elevated railways of New York city, but likes the woods the best.

The Greenbrier at this point is a stream fifteen or twenty feet broad. Its waters are murky

owing to the waste from the rich soil of this section. In time past it has been a noted trout stream. Forty years ago the trout were so plentiful in both forks of the Greenbrier that trout when caught were often fed to the hogs. I rigged up some fishing tackle and went forth to slay. The stream is a succession of deep pools which look like good living places for trout. Small minnows swam around the flies when cast in a way that indicates that but few big trout can be lying in the depths. If there are any they could soon gorge themselves on minnows and not have to rise to the top for such things as artificial insects.

Numerous runs put into the river near here and these are full of yearling trout about big enough to make a fishy taste in your mouth. These trout which perhaps weigh half an ounce and which were raised largely by the government, no doubt, constitute most of the catches. I left these runs strictly alone. By hard work I caught fifteen trout big enough to keep, two of which were big eleven inch ones.

I did not get a rise in the river except at the mouth of some cold mountain run. Such are favorite places for trout to lie at this season of the year. The water of the run being colder than the river the trout congregate there just as people do at summer resorts. After fishing for two hours without result I caught my two big ones in about two minutes at the mouth of the river that comes down by mile post number 11.

A little further down I cast my flies on a deep still pool and caused considerable commotion by the trout running at it. I caught three here and wondered why this pool was unlike the others, until I noticed that a little stream of cold mountain water stole into the head of the pool under the thick laurel bushes.

Near noon I came to a camp where a large number of men were peeling tan bark and clearing off a place for a big mill. I asked for dinner and received a cordial invitation from the cook to stop. At 11:30 the meal was ready and we sat down to a most bountiful feed. Beef, potatoes, beans, tomatoes, dried peaches, rice pie, bread, butter and pickles was the bill of fare and all cooked and served in best style. I did not believe that I could have found as many men together in Pocahontas county and not know one of them. The time keeper thought that he was in Randolph county.

There was not a West Virginian at either camp I visited and of all the hundreds of people on the West Fork very few are West Virginians. Pennsylvania is populating that part of the county and with a most desirable class of good citizens too.

The West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company have a large crew of men at work preparing pulp wood near Kelley's. Instead taking only the spruce they take all kinds of hard wood.

The West Fork as a fishing stream is no more, and the forest which last year was practically unbroken now shows ragged gaps from one end to the other. The black gnats called by the Pennsylvanians, "punkies" are waging war night and evening but nothing stands before progress and the work of devastation is going merrily along.

An Iowa-banker has been driven insane by politics. More of his class will be driven almost insane before the campaign fund collectors finish their rounds.

Rev. Dr. Hillis advises women to behave themselves while on their vacations. This leaves the inference that women who do not take vacations need not behave.

Agricultural statistics show that the crops are almost a total failure in Hungary, so we may soon look for a renewal of those familiar reports of trouble in the Hungarian Diet.

RUMSEY VISITS MOUNTAINS. Eternal Forests—Subterranean Rivers—Primitive Industries—Multitudinous Trout—Scenes and Incidents.

Professor W. E. Rumsey, of the West Virginia Experimental Station, has returned from a trip into the wilds of Webster, Randolph and Pocahontas counties, on the headwaters of the Elk River. He went into that region to study the insects that live on the Spruce timber. He was impressed with the interminable wilderness, and the original state of nature there to be found. He was at the noted Cowger mill, on the Dry Branch of Elk, twenty-eight miles above Webster Springs. The mill is driven by water which boils up from beneath the mountain, six miles below the point where it sinks into the ground in Pocahontas county. The mill is a primitive affair, and grinds two or three bushels of corn a day. Near it is a large flat rock on which the people say the Indians formerly held councils of war. Whether it is all true or not, the rock certainly is there. Old Indian trails meet at that point.

The Professor took a five-day trip on horseback across spurs of the Gauley mountains and came in on Burgoon and Leatherwood creeks, streams which, until recently, were seldom seen by civilized or uncivilized man. They have their courses among the mountains which cluster about the common boundaries of Pocahontas, Randolph and Webster counties.

Perhaps no streams in West Virginia contain larger numbers of trout. But they do not attain large size. So abundant are they that fishermen who have gone there report catches of one thousand within a day or two.

The primitive forests may there be studied in all their glory. Around the borders of the region lumbermen have occasionally touched the hem of the wilderness but the great invasion yet remains. The mountains rise to enormous heights above Elk river, and the labor of cutting the timber from their sides and summits will be for years. The outlet will be down Elk river in less a railroad penetrates that remote country. Surveys have been made, and the people who live there build their hopes on some means of communicating with the outer world; but some time will probably elapse before the whistle of the locomotive disturbs the solitude of the Dry Branch of Elk.

The citizens who seek the outer world go to Webster Springs, or to Marlinton, or to Elkkins. The roads are long, rough and usually steep. In many parts of the region no wagon has ever been seen.

If the lumbermen undertake to float logs down Elk river—and they have done it in the past to a small extent, they will find channels full of bowlders and broken by cataracts. For the distance of six miles, upward from Cowger's mill, the river is never seen except in time of flood. Its course is wholly underground. It is supposed to flow through immense caves. It is a limestone formation, and the mountains are honey-combed with caverns and underground passages, but no one has ever yet succeeded in finding an opening into the great cavern which is known to lie beneath the bed of the river, or under the almost perpendicular mountain which rises from the banks.

A few years ago a portion of the bottom of the river fell away and the whole stream poured down through the opening and weeks, until a flood came and filled the gap with bowlders. That was in Pocahontas county. B. above the portion of the river channel which is usually dry. Where the river disappears, normal stages of water, it flows into a crevice at the base of Doe cliff, just above the Randolph-Pocahontas line, and, as a result, it is no more until it has followed its subterranean course six miles, and debouches at Cowger's mill.

Professor Rumsey found it necessary to spend a night or two in the woods, which he did without harm or mishap; but he was glad enough to get back once more into the settlements. —Morgantown News.

PAPER FOUR. OBSERVATIONS OF A JOURNEY TO HIGHLAND.

The Knapps Creek and Back Creek Valley.

Friday, July 1st, rising from morning prayer and a sun rising breakfast I found Peyton Moore at Dr. Patterson's gate, east Huntersville, ready to start for Virginia. The team grazed to repletion on blue and other grasses, plentifully lunched night and morning on oats, was attached to a surry one of the best of its kind. "Ziph" was dappled, "Mollie" was mouse colored and both made up a strong, gentle and safe team, such a combination rarely met with.

At Hon. Wm. Curry's gate Peyton relinquished the reins and his place was taken by Mr. Curry and Fred Moore and the journey resumed towards the rising sun.

On this particular morning the scenery up through the Huntersville pass of Knapp's creek must be imagined not portrayed by any efforts my pencil can put forth. Pathetic reminiscences occupied much of my attention as we bowed along at a gentle speed by the places where John Pitman, Dyer Amis, Newton Barfield and George McCarty found their watery dying beds at different times and under widely varying circumstances.

As seen from Driscoll the renowned Lockridge Meadows were aptly suggestive of the happy fields beyond the "swelling flood" that Dr. Watts in fancy saw as they stood "decked in living green" that first morning of July.

Near Rimel's the scarred tree was noticed where Dr. Bedford Lockridge tackled a thunderbolt in his hurry to visit a patient and came so near getting the worst of it for his impatient dashing in going out into the wet.

Near the crest of the Alleghenies and one or two other points the geological phenomena are such that the remark has been made that scientists would see so much as to make them feel that results would repay the time and trouble of an Atlantic voyage.

Passing down the ravine leading to Little Back creek our party was overtaken by Lawyer Richardson just from Marlinton with the information that all was quiet along that part of the Greenbrier. Mountain Grove is a place of interesting recollections to me personally. It was here I spent the first night I ever spent in Pocahontas county, if my memory is right; and the commodious brick mansion is here where I first celebrated the rites of holy matrimony, October 8, 1857, and where I caught the first glimpse of the sword-like comet that appeared so ominously over the world, held as it were by an invisible hand in the Western sky, seemingly ready to decapitate.

Between four and five hundred were present at the morning services. This is a historic day in the church affairs of Cass. WANTED: Girl to do general house work for a small family, apply to M. F. Norris, Elk Hotel Marlinton, W. Va.

DUNSMORE BUSINESS COLLEGE, STAUNTON, VA.

Begins its 33rd Session September 1, 1904. This school is a reliable place in which to get into such deep water. "I reckon I would have to ride out on the back of a big fish." While speeding along there appeared just ahead large white letters on the top board of the plank fence as if some merchant would advertise for custom. When near enough to the anticipated advertisement it appeared

that some one had felt it his duty to advertise to the effect that "The wicked will be turned into Hell."

From that point on to Meadow Dale, more than twenty miles, rocks, trees and fences are utilized for quotations from the Bible, more or less pertinent to the objects aimed at by the owners of the gospel pot and paint brush.

While it was professed to be the prayerful aim to turn the charming and picturesque vales of Back Creek into vales of richest blessing, the results as so far developed seem to have made them vales of heated discussing.

And there is reason for thinking that such must ever be the case, so long as Christ may remain "undivided" in his work and personality. So long as Christ may remain "undivided" and his professed adherents "divided" it will ever be mere solemn mockery to sing, as it seems to me:

"One family we dwell in Him
One church above, beneath
Though now divided by the stream
The narrow stream of death,
One army of the living God
To His commands we bow
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now"

It is noticeable that as you read the quotations from Mountain Grove to Meadow Dale, the aim in view is to illustrate and emphasize certain beliefs. Then if these scripture verses be read in the reverse order from Meadow Dale to Mt. Grove, the same aim is in evidence, so striking is the ingenuity by which they have been selected and collected. Now if a Bible student should believe that suicide is a christian duty and teach accordingly there are quotations to back him up if he has the ingenuity to select and arrange them. For illustration: "Judas went and hanged himself, go thou and do likewise" read one way, "Go thou and do likewise" for "Judas went and hanged himself," read in reverse fashion and thus suicide may be scripturally condoned and when pressed might appear to some minds scripturally right and proper.

A few minutes were spent in an interview with the Mr. and Mrs. Lee Gum and their numerous family of very promising sons and daughters. Deliciously fresh water, copiously quaffed and as Lee was in one of his happiest moods it passes without saying, we did not miss Mark Twain, John W. Stephenson or any other funny man for the time being.

Lee will be something tamer by the time his big field of wheat is in rick, I am thinking. Just before sunset we were at the cosy home where Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Curry are spending their quiet useful lives with ample means to fare sumptuously every day and if so minded could wear "purple and fine linen" every Sunday morning. Here two or three days were spent in the meanwhile visiting the venerable Jacob Lightner, now verging 83 years of age. From boyhood to old age Mr. Wm. Curry and Jacob Lightner have been attached friends and intimate associates.

Col. George Cleek of Bath and his wife and daughter of Mr. Lightner were over on a visit. He Col. was a confederate soldier and prisoner and was much honored by his prison experiences.

is remarkably retentive memory stored with a vast fund of recollections that ought to be put on record and sent to the Richmond Confederate Museum. Near Mr. Lightner's is the grave of Mrs. Nancy Ervine youngest sister of Mr. Curry and he visited her grave Saturday evening. It was a pathetic scene, the visit of the oldest brother to the grave of the youngest sister, where she had sleeping since February morning, the fourteenth, 1904.

By day break Sabbath morning Mr. Curry went to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sharp nearly a half mile away in a forest solitude all by themselves and

the memories of more than 70 years were awakened. It would be hard to imagine a scene more worthy of an artist's best genius, than the portrayal of what appeared that Sabbath morning on that lovely sequestered knoll commanding one of the most enticing views in the Back Creek Valley.

Earnest Van Rensen, took me in his buggy on Sabbath morning. An overwhelming audience gathered at Zion's Hill for the memorial exercises that had been arranged for, devoted to the memory of Mrs. Nancy Ervine, wife of Mr. William Ervine. It was worth going hundreds of miles to meet such an assembly.

She was a granddaughter of Capt. Adam Curry who came from Scotland to America previous to the Revolution and first lived near Mannassas Junction. He was an officer in the Revolutionary War and followed Mercer and Washington. Soon after the war he settled in the woods on property now held by William Crummett. He refused a pension. He was neat in his dress and a gentleman of the old colonial style. After living one hundred and five years he died and was buried in the Rehoboth graveyard not far from his home. One Sabbath night in August 1863, the late Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell had a message from Mrs. Ervine to bring me to her home as she wished to join the church and receive the communion. She had been given up to die by the attending physicians and by some it was thought she might not live longer than a day or two at the farthest. When I came to her home and stood by her bedside she impressed me as a person of more than ordinary attractions of mind and personality and it did seem so mournful, that a young woman apparently so well adapted to enjoy life should be thus prostrated as to be momentarily looking for the approach of death. Out of the gloom, the depths and the shadows of the grave, her prayers and the prayers of others, went up to God, that she might be spared to recover strength before she went hence to be no more.

Among the words sung during those evening hour services were these:

"Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid,
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid
Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decree
Sweet to lie possessive in his hands
And know no will but his."

At that calm impressive hour it was her decided opinion that the best life to live would be to live as Jesus would have her live, and she was not ashamed for everybody to know it. She confessed with her mouth the Lord Jesus and had no doubts of his resurrection from the dead and as a matter of course she had scriptural reasons for hoping she would be saved.

W. T. P.
Minister Powell cables that Jimenez is on the warpath in Santo Domingo again, and another dispatch shows that Carrie Nation is off the reservation in Kentucky. There seems to be no closed season for pests.

Mr. Cortelyou has established his title to one of those hero medals. He is going to Wisconsin to act as peacemaker between the Spooner and La Follette factions.

Sully has organized a new company and is going to aid the planters in holding their cotton. That's what his prospectus says, but there is a suspicion that his purpose is to get hold of the planters' cotton.

Russia is convinced that some of the sea serpent stories are not exaggerated.

Are you aware

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Peculiarities of Henry G. Davis.

Among the fads of Henry G. Davis, Democratic vice presidential nominee, none is so marked as his love of horses. He always keeps a stableful of thoroughbreds, but rarely rides any, except "Billy." He never uses a horse block when mounting, and refuses any assistance of any kind, but placing one foot in the stirrup, vaults into the saddle like a youth of 20 and goes on his morning ride.

He has no use for insurance of any kind, and while he was President of the West Virginia Central Railroad the shops of that road were without fire insurance of any description. He carries no insurance on his magnificent home, and abhors life insurance and doctors.

He has peculiar notions of the way a person should reply to a telephone call. "You should never say 'Hello,'" he says, "for that only makes the man at the other end of the wire ask who you are. It is just as easy to say 'Senator Davis or John Smith,' as the case may be, as to say 'hello,'" he argues. Should anyone in his employ be so indiscreet as to say 'hello' when answering a telephone call, and the Senator was the man calling, his soft, cooing voice would come back over the wire: "Isn't it just as easy to say Treasurer's office as it is to say hello?"

It so happened one day that a new clerk had been employed at the Auditor's office, and, not knowing the ways of the venerable Senator, when he answered the telephone call he loudly shouted, "hello" into the transmitter. The Senator, thinking he needed a little discipline said: "Young man, isn't it just as easy to say Auditor's office as to shout hello?" The clerk, thinking it was some one gulling him, replied: "Aw, go to h—l," and hung up the receiver.

The clerk was reprimanded for the manner in which he had spoken to Senator Davis, but after his explanation and apologies were given no one enjoyed the joke more than the Senator.

He enjoys nothing so much as good horse trade. In fact, he will swap anything so long as he makes a good bargain. A gentleman not long since remarked to R. S. Kerens, the St. Louis millionaire, who is also a neighbor of Senator Davis, that he thought Mr. Davis was getting a little too old to transact business. "Think so?" replied Mr. Kerens, with a sad look in his eyes. "I guess you haven't swapped horses with him lately, have you?"—Cincinnati Post.

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